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grossness: and that it is not a fastidious delicacy, but a proper respect for decency and propriety, that, to use the simile adduced at the conclusion of T's letter, would prevent the unnecessary exposure of "a beautiful infant sprawling naked on the floor," before a mixed assemblage of youth of both sexes. There would certainly be a want of decency and delicacy in the practice, and an author may bring forward the best principles of our nature, without any mixture of that indelicacy which must detract from the value of the other parts of his writings, and is a legitimate object for criticism and censure. A good way to judge of the delicacy of wit is, to examine if it is fit to be read in a mixed company of both sexes. I cannot allow that goodness of intention excuses writing in such a manner, as to injure the modesty of youth, which is a most excellent preservative against the allurements of vice. If this fence is broken in upon, by whatever means, or by wit however subtle, the security of the youthful mind within the inclosure of virtue is lessened.

In estimating the character of Sterne, and other deceased authors, it is well to doubt of the unqualified admission of the old maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—say nothing but good of the dead." The Edinburgh Reviewers have lately amended this sentence with evident improvement—"Benefaction to the living, rather than superstition towards the dead."

I am accused of *un* Irish gallantry, because I do not praise Irish female writers, whether I think them deserving of it or not. I endeavour to guard against nationality, and am desirous neither to give praise to any characters because they are Irish, nor to withhold it from those who justly merit it, whether they are born in this island or in any other part of the world. Nationality, or a blind attachment to country, often leads us to commit the double injustice of despising others, and awarding more than the due meed of praise to our own.

A READER.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

IN your last number I was astonished to find that T. in his "Observations on the remarks on Sterne," accuses the "Lover of Simplicity of Character" of want of candour; I am not conscious that I was uncandid, but I think that the cause of morality requires that Sterne's writings should be censured, and that Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey should be banished from all well selected libraries. The anecdotes related by the "Reader" and first published in the "Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature," were never contradicted by any writer in that publication, which I consider a proof of their authenticity and of the good sense of the English; but I am sorry to say that the Irish taste is not quite so correct: any person who dares to say that Sterne's writings are immoral is contradicted with the greatest bitterness.

I cannot agree with T. in thinking that the "Reader" is unpolite to the Irish ladies, although I am as much attached to the Irish character as T. can possibly be. The "Reader" expresses his high respect for the female sex, and points out some excellent moral writings by English ladies, whose works will be read when Sterne will be forgotten, and sunk into merited oblivion.

It is a true friend who points out errors, and endeavours to correct our taste.

The charge against Sterne's writings is for immorality and indelicacy; I am not such a wild enthusiast as to expect to make converts to my opinion. We have a right to avow our sentiments, and although T. defends Sterne and almost loses his temper to think that his Idol is attacked, yet he has the candour to admit the charge of indelicacy. After his candid concession I am unwilling to carry this controversy farther, and must take my leave of T. by thanking him for the high compliments he pays the female sex, and hoping when he next appears in your pages he will amicably allow others to differ in opinion.

A Lover of Simplicity of character.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

"TO catch the manners living as they rise," is the office of a

Journalist, and thus to exhibit, as in a moving picture, the follies of the day, sketched with a lighter pen, while the vices of the age are pourtrayed in stronger colours, and their virtues held forth to view, as well to deter, as to excite by example.

I was lately amused with reading the following account of a trial in England, which took place in last term, in which the hero of the tale, smitten with the love of heraldic fame, is made to figure away without appearing entitled to become an honourable ancestor to future lovers of the pomp of heraldry.

It affords some information to the uninitiated, to find the cost of tracing and engrossing descents, and for how much a man may have himself decorated with all the honours of the parchment tree.

If we may be allowed to continue the metaphor, such ornaments are like the paltry imitations of flowers, artificially made of paper, which, however showy, do not shed that rich perfume with which virtue adorns the crows of those who are usefully and virtuously employed, whether they are descended from kings, or more humble progenitors. It is individually acquired character, not the fame of ancestors, which stamps a value, and in every situation,

" Worth makes the man—the want of it
" the fellow."

N.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, LONDON, JUNE 21.

Townshend and Martin, v. *Pendock Barry Neale, esq.*

The Attorney General stated, that the Plaintiffs were the Windsor Herald and Blue Mantle Pursuivant at Arms, who brought their action to recover 281*l.* for business done for the defendant, who was a gentleman of large fortune in the county of Nottingham. He was a country squire, with all the hospitality, and more than the ordinary share of vanity belonging to that class of the gentry of England. In September 1804, he came to the College of Heralds, where Mr. T. and Mr. M. were in attendance for the day, and requested to have his pedigree drawn out, with the arms of all his ancestors, emblazoned in a splendid manner, and gave his instructions, from which it appeared that he was descended from the Royal blood. After tracing his ancestors for some time, it was found that the blood of the Neales, the Pendocks, and the Barrys flowed from the antient kings of Normandy, of Saxony, of Ireland and of Scotland, besides being also descended from Fluke, king of Jerusalem, and from Cadwallader the Great, of Wales. The defendant was shown a large pedigree upon one skin of vellum, but as there were more than would fill a skin of his ancestors, he said he would have two or more.—Whenever any connexion could be traced with blood royal, he was anxious to have the whole lineage inserted in his pedigree. The plaintiffs were employed a considerable time in drawing out this pedigree, or family tree, and at various times supplied him with a number of sketches of arms, for paintings for his windows, which were to be executed by Messrs. Parker. While this was going on, the defendant was very anxious to see the plaintiffs at his home, and sent for them down to Allerton Hall, in Nottinghamshire, where he feasted them with venison, claret, and champaigne, for a fortnight, and then sent them back to their official duties:

" Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguisque
" ferinæ."

Not satisfied, however, with mere good cheer for their labour, they ventured to ask for money, and the defendant requested to know what they had done, and demanded their bill. They had as yet only made a rough draught of the pedigree, and supplied drawings for the windows, and in part proceeded upon the drawings on vellum for the coats of arms. Their bill amounted to upwards of 280*l.*—Some of the items were as follow:

To tracing 260 descents, at 5*s.* each	59	0	0
Tracing out and sketching 426 Coats of Arms, at 5*s.* each	106	10	0
Sketches of 81 Coats of Arms for the Hall, at 5*s* each, and 21 Crowns and Coronets, at 1*s.* each, &c.	45	0	0
Painting of the Arms of the Defendant on vellum	10	10	0